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VOL. LXXXI

No. 9

THE
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CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SODALES, immortisque PATRES."

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1886, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eighty-first Volume with the number for October, 1915. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competitors of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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JUNE, 1916.

No. 9

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1917.

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER

SAMUEL SLOAN DURYEE

PERCIVAL GRAY HART

ROBERT PAUL PFLIEGER

CHARLES MORTON STEWART, III.

BUSINESS MANAGERS.

JAMES REED SANDERSON

WALDO LEISS TUCKER.

ON READING.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

WERE one epithet chosen to distinguish the age in which we are now living it would be "practical." This is due mainly to the stimulus which we have all received from the business world. There it is a question of commercial survival to figure down cost of production to a minimum, to make use in some way of every by-product, to be constantly on the alert for new and simpler methods of production and marketing. A new profession, that of Efficiency Engineer, has been created to further these economic advances. In the present wave of vast competition such methods are necessary, yet one sometimes wonders whether they should entirely dominate not only the commercial activities but even the judgment of business men. Even one's sense of right and wrong may be materially dulled by over-admiration of business efficiency. The violation of Belgium's neutrality is often dwarfed beside praise for the Germans' methods in producing dye-stuffs. We are apt to mistake the god of efficiency for the god of things as they ought to be.

Yet all this efficiency is bent to commercial activities and their furtherance. It is the customary thing these days for a Father to question his College Son on the "practical value" of

his courses, meaning the training for business included in them. The idea of mental training as an end in itself, rather than a means to commercial efficiency, is being sadly neglected, as evidenced by the huge cry against the classics both in the high schools and in the majority of the colleges, and the introduction of business courses into both sets of institutions. It may be for the best to develop a one-sided mind—who knows? But there are still staunch adherents of the old methods, men who believe that foresight in education outweighs slight immediate advantages in business (such as a knowledge of the workings of the Stock Exchange might give to a college graduate entering a broker's office). Says Mr. J. J. Chipman in the May *Atlantic Monthly*, quoting Mr. Frederick Mather of Yale: "If one of our small colleges should after the manner of the English colleges devote itself to a few old-fashioned subjects, such as Latin and Greek, and some kind of History and Philosophy, and should *really teach* these things, its graduates would soon be so famous that banks and railroads would be clamoring for them at the college doors." It is indeed a grave question whether the old methods of education were not superior to the present in fitting men with keen minds. The present system can be largely traced to the followers of modern commercial efficiency.

Probably the greatest evil of this narrow efficiency is the antidotes to which it forces the "tired business man" in his efforts to escape from himself. The present state of the drama is due mainly to the reason that the "tired business man" does not think he has the mental power to enjoy anything but the most obvious after a day of hard work. His reading is confined chiefly to the newspapers and cheap fiction, not because he would not care for other things, but because the worst things are the easiest to digest. In short, the efficient business man sleeps his eight hours so as to be in physical trim for the morrow's work, and uses his eight hours of leisure with no vigorous mental stimulus other than may be directly connected with that eight hours of commercial activity which forms the centre of his life. If he ever becomes troubled at this manner of living he consoles himself by saying that after all a knowledge of Shakespeare will not sell shoes. Efficiency in any but the business sense is not readily found.

But even in the colleges, where one would naturally suppose mental recreation to be on a higher plane, one sees not many signs of improvement. A glance at the average living-room table shows an appalling array of *Cosmopolitans*, vari-colored "books," and the "season's best-sellers." In magazines *McClure's*, rather than the *Atlantic*, is the rule. I know personally men who devote solid hours of their time to devouring the light-weight trash of practically every 15-cent magazine on the market. Even the possession of a Phi Beta Kappa key is no certain sign of a man's good taste in reading. The gentle art of reading is fast becoming obsolete. Filling up on such swill as is offered by cheap magazines and "best-sellers" can not be ranked under that title. I am reminded of the story of a young man, who, after plunging through the twenty volumes or so of Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great," wept, because he had read every word which Carlyle ever wrote, and could therefore have no more works from that mighty pen to look forward to reading. The average college student weeps because he *has to read* slight extracts from Carlyle—and not from pleasure, but pain.

Even the best-read men in the class do not measure up to any enviable standard. To be specific, I know of a man singularly well regarded in a literary way who had never heard of John Masefield, and who had never read a word of Fielding. Be it said to his credit, however, that he had read practically all of Dickens', Thackeray's, and George Eliot's contributions to our literature. But does this not show a peculiar unevenness of development, a tendency to stress one particular branch, and one particular period of that branch, of reading?

Now of course I recognize that because the college man of the day is not well-read it does not follow necessarily that any dire consequences are to ensue. The lives of these men will not be ruined, nor will some avenging deity strike them dead. The fact that they are not reading what they should does not draw a line around them and single them out; it rather drops them among other average people. But the average is not a thing of which to be proud. Time was when the mob loved Shakespeare's plays. It was then no disgrace for a scholar and a tinker to get common enjoyment from the same production.

Now that George Cohan is the popular dramatist it is rather serious to be just average. There is no greater evil at work on the earth than mediocrity.

To combat this tendency I would propose a universal system of efficiency. For, after all, there is nothing better to do in this world than to make good use of all by-products, to get the most that is to be gotten out of everything with which we come in contact. Suppose we should apply the standards of business efficiency to every phase of our lives, and not to the commercial side alone; suppose we should make "efficient," in the broad sense of the word, rather than "practical," which comprehends but a slight phase of it, the key-word of our age. The question would then, in regard to reading, become, "Are we getting the most out of cheap, trashy reading; are we developing ourselves along the best lines; are we broadening our appreciation and taste, so as to better our mentalities?" The terrible waste of opportunities, the continual use of unprofitable material, the lack of broad perspective, all of which characterize the college reader, as well as the average reader, would never be countenanced for an instant if the same care were applied to self-cultivation as is applied to the manufacture of collar-buttons. According to modern business methods there is more waste energy being expended in reading than can be allowed if the institution is to exist. When a business becomes a burden to society, either it is done away with or reorganized. The same must be done with reading.

But in past ages, and to many even at the present, reading has meant so much that as a whole it can be termed not only justifiable but beneficial. Remodeling along efficient lines is the only alternative. People have the right to look to college graduates and undergraduates as the leaders in such a movement.

Men go to college no longer for training in preparation for "Church and State," but for various reasons, chief among which we hear spoken of as culture. It is my belief that if college is to mean anything it ought to stimulate energy along the lines which lead to culture. I doubt if many men come with that end definitely in mind, but the fact that culture as an excuse for attending college is so often spoken of seems to

argue that most men believe that it is at least an important by-product. But of course we can learn nothing at college except how to carry on work in the different lines in which we have been instructed. Men do not become sages at twenty, although they may become extremely well acquainted with the methods of acquiring such a position.

According to Professor Canby, in his article on "Teaching English" in the *Yale Review* for October, 1914, "teaching English is teaching how to read." The whole value of the English courses in college is to give an impulse to wide and intelligent reading. But do they? And if not, why not?

The main reason why the average college man does not pay more heed to what he reads is because he has gotten in the habit of accepting mediocre work. His mind has become accustomed to popular rather than choice reading matter. He has not made any determined effort on his own part to better his tastes. No matter how much the professors may plead and how much they may offer the ground-work for good reading, if the student himself does not resolve to read better things he never will. He must change his habits in reading. This sounds simple, but it is on the contrary, as are all changes for the better, a great effort. According to our psychologist, James, the best way to start a new habit is forever to have done with the old one. Once a new attitude is taken it should be strictly adhered to. This would mean in regard to reading the immediate and total demolition of all trash. Then the building up of culture may begin.

A first glance at the tremendous field of best literature may cause an involuntary gasp; but on considering that President Eliot deemed it possible to crowd it into a five-foot book-shelf one should take heart and look again. Also one does not have to become acquainted with all the best things in a short time. The mere fact that one is working reasonably hard along the right line is sufficient. I do not believe that reading itself is neglected, but that the *best reading* is. If we could but turn every reader's attention to only the best our efficiency standard could be well carried out.

Judgment above all should be used in selecting what one is to read. There is no need of starting with ancient literature

and gradually working up to modern. Background must of course be attended to, but modern work should receive its due attention. Fiction should not dominate the reader's attention. Essays, history, philosophy, current topics, all clamor for their just recognition. It is the man who is familiar with the main points of various fields of reading, rather than he who specializes on one, who is the best read, and who has made the most of his opportunities.

Good taste is born in some people, but it can be, and has to be, acquired by most of us. The mere fact that one likes novels to the exclusion of all other forms of literature should be a warning to develop taste for other things. One can force oneself to read anything really good and derive from it a certain degree of pleasure. The joy in possessing a well-rounded and active mind may be compared to that in possessing a like kind of body. But just as athletes must train vigorously along many lines of physical exercise, so must the owner of an alert mind work assiduously in various lines of mental exercise to keep it at its maximum power. Dissipation ruins a splendid physique; mental dissipation, which consists largely in reading below-standard works, is ruinous to a good mind. To the beginner the reading of good books may seem irksome and not worth while. But once the mind becomes accustomed to the best reading the appreciation becomes sharpened. And as this capacity for appreciating better books becomes developed the pleasure derived from that reading increases.

For, after all, most people will tell you that pleasure is the end of reading—and with that remark bury themselves in trash. But the best books give the most pleasure, though sometimes an effort is needed to prove it. Once one has become accustomed to the finest literature the rest will seem tawdry and worthless. The greater pleasure attained is worth all temporary sacrifice in training one's taste. As Hazlitt wrote to a young lad just leaving for school:

"As to the works which you will have to read by choice or for amusement, the best are the commonest. The names of many of them are already familiar to you. Read them as you grow up with all the satisfaction in your power and make much

of them. It is perhaps the greatest pleasure you will have in life, that one you will think of longest, and repent of least. If my life had been more full of calamity than it has been (much more than yours, I hope, will be) I would live it over again, my little boy, to have read the books I did in my youth."

Percival Gray Hart.

DIONYSUS.

To S. Y.

O Dionysus, king of purple days,
How often have I strayed these paths along,
A half-initiate in thy Northern ways,
Or alien Bacchanal of Attic song,
Until I catch half dreaming through the trees
The rout, the dance of laughing Thyades.

One silvery eve, some Bacchant like the rest
Ran shyly to me o'er the whitened lawn;
He laid a laurelled brow upon my breast,
And wandered as he wept till break of dawn.
And ever and anon the poplar trees
Gave echo of old Attic revelries.

With him I have been mænad to the sun,
When evening pours her priceless spilth of wine.
Across men's hearts our maddened feet have run,
And forth into the starlight, which is mine.
Of streams I have been drunken and of woods,
Of antique poetry and its golden gods.

But one rose day we lingered in a wood
To taste the gift of Bacchus and his vine,
And lo, he poured a chalice of warm blood,
But as I started, cried: "Oh, this is wine
Psyche herself hath poured on loneliness,
Drink to the lees: 'twas made for drunkenness!"

O Dionysus, in these latter days
Thy brow hath altered; even in thine hair
Laurel and thorn instead of purple bays,
Thorn-leaf and laurel on thine heart dost wear.
Is it thy crown then on the centuries,
King of the old, king of the new eternities?

C. R. Walker, Jr.

PIERRE LOTI.

IT is always somewhat awkward to start a panegyric with an apology, and to confess one's partiality for an author in much the same way as one accuses oneself of having committed a sin. The apology would be superfluous in introducing an author like Pierre Loti to a Continental public, but to the Anglo-Saxon reader who either ignores the man or finds himself unable to understand him, a mere eulogy is not convincing enough.

Indeed, one cannot deny that Loti's writings are not made to please English or American critics; the reason for it may be found in what one is tempted to term the femininity of his works. They display a romanticism which attracts women, because they suggest adventures which women perhaps would have liked to receive from life. Loti's romanticism, however, is not based on the queerness of a peculiar psychology, or on the complications of an out-of-date sentimentality. Loti is a romanticist because of his personal way of proceeding, of his intense love for exotic, barbaric and mediæval things. But his works have a simplicity and a refined sensibility which cannot but be distasteful to a mind fed on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Loti's "Aziyade" or "Japoneries d'Antomne" translated in English must needs lose much of the charm which Loti has imparted to them, or become objectionably effeminate. The worst of translations, however, cannot help retaining some of that charm. Guy de Maupassant advised authors to cultivate originality. Such exhortation is unnecessary when one has command of a talent such as Loti's, added to the opportunities which his career furnished him. As an officer in the French Navy, Julien Viand—or Pierre Loti, as the poetic whim of a few Tahitian girls nicknamed him, from the name of a flower, in Maori—went all over the world and cruised all the seas. Loti has seen Algeria and Brazil; the Sahara and the Senegal; he has seen Stamboul with its minarets and Kioto

with its temples; he has seen China and Annam, and Polynesia and Formosa, and Paimpol in Brittany. Everywhere he has lived and mixed with the natives, so that one does not know, and that perhaps he himself ignores if his personality is still entirely his own. Catholic and pagan, skeptic and fatalist, he loves the austerity of Brittany, while at the same time he is attracted by the fascination of Far Eastern countries laughing under a tropical sun.

To literature Loti is what Monet and Degas are to the art of painting. He is, to use an ugly word, an impressionist; he renders things as they impress him, without paying attention to the generally admitted rules. His books evidence neither plots nor psychological analysis, nor elaborate description of the red, yellow and black men he has lived with. He has merely translated in words fleeting dreams, where things confusedly dance with his desires, his reminiscences and a whole world of illusory and vague impressions. His vocabulary, very simple always and very humble, his phraseology exceedingly limpid and clear, reflect this imprecision. But Pierre Loti has the great talent of being able to define things with abstract words like *inexprimable*, *indicible*, *indefinissable*; he describes best those objects that are limitless: the sky, the sea, the desert. He likes to "prendre des sons, des bruissements et surtout du silence—prendre toutes les senteurs du Sénégal—prendre de l'orage et du feu sombre—de la transparence et de l'obscurité." He has the admirable faculty of wonderfully coloring the palest of abstractions, of deeply impressing the reader by the music of his language. He does not, like Flaubert, or Gautier, or Taine, transpose with excessive care the spectacle which caused their admiration; but he believes, with Renan and Lamartine, that his own sensibility is the most important factor, and he translates it in cadence and sonority. Rhythm of style and harmony of words have the power of accomplishing this miracle: we see the exotic scenes which Loti paints; what is more, we live in them; music, which expresses sensations, suggests pictures to our mind. The vague song of Faton-Gaye in "*Le Roman d'un Spahis*" weeps in the sonorous air and seems "la paraphrase du silence et de la chaleur, de la solitude et de l'exil." Rarahu's song translates

the enervating calm of the nights in Polynesia, and the voice of Aziyadé's boatman is loaded with the infinite melancholy of oriental life.

His heroines are personifications of the countries where they live. In Faton-Gaye we see the Sudan, heavily asleep under the equatorial sun; in Madam Chrysanthème, the gracefulness of Japan; in Gaud, the sad resignation of Brittany; in Gracieuse, the savagery of Basque mountains; in Rarahū, the gorgeousness of Tahiti; in Aziyade, the languor of the Orient. There is little to say of them, because they merely represent diverse aspects of nature. They only have spontaneous sentiments; they have no rouge on their cheeks and their lips always say the truth; their hearts are devoid of subtleties and complications; if they ignore morality, they also ignore all coquetry, and they are easily understood, even if they speak foreign dialects.

Before all, thus, Loti loves Nature; he is indebted to her for his strongest emotions. He sings of pious Brittany, of sensuous Tahiti, of Stamboul, of Persia; of the foggy seas and of the sun. Mayhap it is not quite accurate to say that he loves Nature; he loves, rather, *his* Nature. Unconsciously perhaps, he shows a little disdain for Michelet's sea. It is not *his* sea, whose monotonous complaint moves us in "Mon frère Yves" and in "Matelot," and, when he travels in Judæa, after Lamartine, Renan, Chateaubriand, he voluntarily ignores his predecessors. He is so blended with Nature that we scarcely find, in his works, who the real hero is; whether it is Yves, the sea, or Brittany; whether it is Rarahū or Polynesia, whether it is Aziyade, Turkey or Islam.

Man, in Nature, is a puny, miserable thing, lost beforehand among the innumerable aggressive forces of an invisible world, and Loti's writings echo a sadness and discouragement at the uselessness of human efforts. He sings the beauty of nature and of youth, it is true; those are real things, but how discouragingly ephemeral, after all. In Ramuntcho he complains: "Oh! qui dira pourquoi il y a sur la terre des soirs de printemps, et de si jolis yeux à regarder, des sourires de jeunes filles et des bouffées de parfum que les jardins nous envoient quand les nuits d'avril tombent, et tout cet enjôlement

délicieux de la vie, puisque c'est pour aboutir ironiquement aux séparations, aux décrépitudes et à la mort. . . ."

He hates progress that builds by destroying; progress, the negation of art, that creates uniformity of costume and scenery. He likes old things; he likes the countries that refused civilization. His hatred for certain aspects of it, and his skepticism concerning our superiority in everything that does not directly pertain to the domain of industrial progress, his extreme admiration for the venerable and magnificent sides of nature contribute to foster his love for the Orient. With a masterly talent, he vivifies dead visions of the decaying East: "Ispahan . . . au milieu de ses champs de pavots blancs et de ses jardins de roses, la vieille ville de ruines et de mystères, avec tous ses domes bleus, tous ses minarets bleus d'un inaltérable email."

His philosophy seems to consist in a submission to the inevitable law of death, and to a confident repeating, like ancient sages, of the same prayers which rocked to sleep the agonies of long dead ancestors. His liberation from the rigidity of the bonds of one religion has given him a respect of all of them, and his last works are marked with a tinge of religiosity absent in his first writings—they exhibit an image of death which contradicts the insufficiencies of the sensations of his youth; they are new feelings, loaded with the gravity of the problem of human destiny. But always we find him awakening the most beautiful of our dreams; taking us far away from the banality of life; leading us to contemplate the most glorious spectacles of the earth, and to listen to the most anguishing and the most eloquent voices of the human heart.

Robert P. Pflieger.

AT AN AUCTION.

I had almost forgotten her, so swift,
So full of living are the years of youth,
Until I found a tippet of brown fur
So much like one that had belonged to her.

And then I saw her as one sees his fate,
Clear, through a crystal, with her gay, blithe face
Smiling and laughing from the heart of her
And round her throat the tippet of brown fur.

I saw the clean and polished pond, I heard
The grating of the wooden fashioned skate,
I felt the wind that made her ringlets stir
And ruffled the smooth tippet of brown fur.

I had no way of proving it the one,
But I had bought it ere the sale was done.

William Douglas.

SUCH STUFF AS BOOKS— .

(A Play.)

PERSONS:

A MAN WHO IS ABOUT TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.

THE BISHOP

LADY JOSEPHINE

THE KNIGHT

THE POLICEMAN

THE CAPTAIN

THE PRINCESS

THE NURSEMAID

THE ADVENTURESS

} Characters in the book which
the Author is about to write.

SCENE—*The Author's Study. The walls are lined with great books six feet high. In the center is a table littered with manuscripts, magazines, etc. To the left is a fireplace before which the Author is sitting in a large armchair. He is asleep. The room is lighted with the pale grey light of dreams.*

There is a knock at the door, at first gentle and then slightly louder. He awakes, listens a moment, then calls doubtfully: Come in!

(Enter the Bishop. He is a stoutish person and preserves a remarkable dignity, although somewhat out of breath. The Author lives on the fifth floor.)

THE BISHOP: Good-evening.

THE AUTHOR: Er—good-evening. I—ah—

THE BISHOP (*solemnly*): I am the Bishop.

THE AUTHOR: Yes—ah—yes, so I see. May I enquire, Bishop of what?

THE BISHOP: You didn't say.

THE AUTHOR: I didn't say?

THE BISHOP: No.

THE AUTHOR: Pardon me—I'm still a bit confused. I thought I asked you—

THE BISHOP: You did. But you didn't say, you know. I am the Bishop in the Story.

THE AUTHOR: Oh, the Bishop in the Story, of course! So stupid of me. Well, I'm very sorry indeed that I forgot to make you a bishop of something in particular. An oversight on my part, I assure you. There are so many things one has to attend to in writing a book. Pray choose any title you care for.

THE BISHOP: That is impossible now. I am already created.

THE AUTHOR: Oh, dear me, that is unfortunate!

THE BISHOP: It is indeed.

THE AUTHOR: I didn't realize it was as serious as that, though—really I didn't. What can I do to—?

THE BISHOP: Nothing.

THE AUTHOR: Oh, surely there must be—

THE BISHOP: No, there is not. I might as well tell you now that I called to—er, this is a very delicate matter—

THE AUTHOR: Go on.

THE BISHOP: Well, I thought I'd call and see whether I might not—er, persuade you to refrain from writing this book.

THE AUTHOR (*overcome*): Great Scott, man! Say—see here, you know—you're my bishop!—

THE BISHOP (*desperate now, realizing the truth of this statement*): There are so many—ah—useful things that you might do. I tell you, sir, the world needs carpenters!

(*The Author jumps up. There is a knock at the door.*)

THE BISHOP: Wait, wait! I mustn't be seen. No, no! Not for worlds. Hide me somewhere, quickly!

(*The Author looks about desperately for a moment, gazes doubtfully at the considerable bulk of the Bishop and finally pulls out one of the great books, shoves the Bishop into it and pushes it back into place.*)

THE AUTHOR: Come!

(The door opens. Enter Lady Josephine followed by the Knight, the Policeman, the Captain, the Princess, the Nursemaid and the Adventuress.)

LADY JOSEPHINE (*out of breath*): Have you seen the Bishop?

THE AUTHOR: What bishop?

LADY JOSEPHINE: Oh, dear, I knew he would ask me that! Now it's no use. I believe you did it on purpose!

THE AUTHOR: Did what?

LADY JOSEPHINE: Didn't say what bishop.

THE AUTHOR: But I did say "what bishop."

LADY JOSEPHINE: Now I know it's useless! Sit down, everyone. *(They sit down, the Adventuress next to the Policeman, the Captain at the side of the Princess and the Knight with the Nursemaid.)*

LADY JOSEPHINE: I'm afraid we shall have to do without the Bishop. Perhaps it is just as well. He's so set in his opinion and is never willing to discuss a thing fairly—and we must be fair and calm in our treatment of this matter.

THE AUTHOR: Aha! Matter! May I ask if you have come to induce me not to write this book?

LADY JOSEPHINE (*suspiciously*): How did you know that?

THE AUTHOR: I guessed it.

LADY JOSEPHINE: Well, yes, that is our purpose. But of course we want to be entirely fair. We intend to give you a chance to present your side of the case.

THE PRINCESS: Let him speak first!

THE AUTHOR: But what am I to say?

THE CAPTAIN: Well, what is your excuse for writing this book?

THE AUTHOR: Excuse!

THE CAPTAIN: Yes, your excuse—your reason—

THE AUTHOR: I—oh, pshaw!—everyone writes books.

THE KNIGHT: No, they don't. I've never written one.

THE NURSEMAID (*timidly*): I have.

THE AUTHOR: You!

THE KNIGHT: S'wounds, S'blood, S'death!

THE POLICEMAN: What's that?

THE KNIGHT: Nothing.

THE PRINCESS: You admit then that you have no reason for writing this book?

THE AUTHOR (*struck with a brilliant idea*): May I ask does one have to have a reason for writing a book?

(*There is general consternation at this.*)

THE KNIGHT (*to the Nursemaid*): That was a very clever point.

LADY JOSEPHINE: Alas, no! One has to have a reason for doing almost anything else, but for writing a book—no, it is not necessary. Your Highness, we must let this question pass.

THE PRINCESS: I fear it is true. But our case is becoming weak. If only the Bishop—

(*There is a commotion in the book in which the Bishop has been shut up. All eyes are turned in this direction. The noise becomes louder. The Author pulls the book from its place, the covers fly back and out step two bishops exactly alike in every particular.*)

LADY JOSEPHINE: Well!

THE PRINCESS: Well!

THE KNIGHT: Well!

THE AUTHOR: Great Heavens!

LADY JOSEPHINE: Now do you see what you've done?

THE AUTHOR: What I—?

LADY JOSEPHINE: You put him back in the same book.

THE AUTHOR: The same book?

LADY JOSEPHINE: The same book that you got him from, simpleton!

THE AUTHOR: But he came in the door!

LADY JOSEPHINE: Oh, he couldn't have!

THE PRINCESS: Oh, no indeed, he couldn't have!

THE AUTHOR: Well, what book should I have put him in?

LADY JOSEPHINE: You should never have taken him out of the book in the first place.

THE AUTHOR: But I didn't take him out of the book. I tell you he came in the door!

LADY JOSEPHINE (*resignedly*): Look and see for yourself. They're exactly alike.

FIRST BISHOP: Oh, luck! I found him on page 273. Now perhaps I can find out what I'm bishop of. If we're exactly alike I must be bishop of the same thing that he is. The question is, am I exactly like him or is he exactly like me? In the former case I must be bishop of something or other and in the latter we're both just bishops. However, I'm sure I'm like myself, so it's certain that he is like me! Oh, dear, oh, dear—

THE NURSEMAID: What beautiful reasoning!

SECOND BISHOP: My dear sir, wait until you've stood thirty years of it. Oh, I was sensitive on that point for a long time. But thirty years of bishoping about in a book like that rather dulls one's sensibilities. Phew, what a relief! Oh, I say, there's the Adventuress!

ALL: The Adventuress?....!

THE ADVENTURESS: Pardon me. I think there must be some mistake. I—

LADY JOSEPHINE (*to the Author*): You!

THE POLICEMAN: Oh, this is terrible!

THE PRINCESS: The imposter! Wait. Just a moment. For all I know we may all be— (*She plunges into the book. The covers close. There is a faint squeak and all is still.*)

SECOND BISHOP: Ah, I feared it!

FIRST BISHOP: Feared what?

LADY JOSEPHINE: Quick! To the rescue! Don't stand there like blockheads, all of you!

(*The Knight and the Captain rush to the book and force the covers open. They drag out the Princess. She has fainted.*)

LADY JOSEPHINE: Oh, dear! Does anyone know what to do?

FIRST BISHOP: Give her air! Give her air!

LADY JOSEPHINE: Well, that's easy.

FIRST BISHOP: Here. (*He goes to the side of the Princess and begins to fan her.*)

THE PRINCESS (*sitting up suddenly*): Stop!

FIRST BISHOP (*stopping*): I beg your pardon.

THE PRINCESS: My pardon! Don't speak to me, don't come near me! Here's a pretty state of affairs! Oh, don't

pretend to look shocked. That makes it much worse. You, a bishop, and that—that huzzy!—A fine bishop!

FIRST BISHOP: There must be some mistake. I've just been born, I assure you.

THE PRINCESS: You've just been born! Here's a novel plea, to say the least!

FIRST BISHOP (*looking down on himself ruefully*): It is rather unfortunate to be born a bishop. One misses—much.

THE KNIGHT: Aphasia!

LADY JOSEPHINE: Your Highness, you've got the wrong Bishop!

THE PRINCESS: The wrong Bishop? Oh, my poor head, my poor head!

THE POLICEMAN: What's her head got to do with it?

THE CAPTAIN: Well, what's your head got to do with it?

THE POLICEMAN: Nothing.

THE CAPTAIN: No, nor nothing to do it with. Ha!

THE PRINCESS: Well, the principle's the same, that's certain.

FIRST BISHOP (*stiffly*): I beg your pardon.

THE PRINCESS: Don't. I suppose I should apologize, but I shan't. If you're going to be nasty don't be polite. My faith in bishops is shattered.

THE NURSEMAID: Your Highness, you were not to blame. How is one to tell them apart?

THE PRINCESS: Oh, thank you, thank you! There, that's the question. How is one to tell them apart?

LADY JOSEPHINE: How indeed!

THE AUTHOR: See here—why not put one of them back in the book?

LADY JOSEPHINE: Which one?

THE AUTHOR: It makes no difference.

FIRST BISHOP: Great Heavens! *No difference!*

THE PRINCESS: Oh, yes it does, too. I've seen the book! Besides, it's lots worse to wrong a dead author than a live one.

LADY JOSEPHINE: Your Highness, that is considered a moot point.

THE PRINCESS: A moot point! A moot point, forsooth! There are no moot points. A thing is or it is not.

THE AUTHOR: Well, no one reads that book any more.
Put them both back.

FIRST BISHOP }
SECOND BISHOP } What!!

THE PRINCESS: Arrest him! Arrest him!

(The Policeman grasps the Author by the collar. There is a brief struggle and he is handcuffed.)

THE POLICEMAN: What are the charges, your Highness?

THE PRINCESS: Charges! Don't bother me with charges—
—it's hard enough to think of a sentence!

THE CAPTAIN: I say, why not put him in the book!

THE KNIGHT }
THE NURSEMAID } Hurrah!
THE ADVENTURESS }

LADY JOSEPHINE: Beautiful! Beautiful!

THE PRINCESS: In with him!

FIRST BISHOP (*dancing*): "*—the punishment fit the crime, tra-la—the punishment fit the crime!*"

THE AUTHOR: No, no! Hear me just a moment. Any book but that! Any book—

THE PRINCESS: In with him!

(The Policeman together with the two Bishops shove the Author, struggling to the last, into the book. They close it and push it back into place.)

THE NURSEMAID: What a relief! Just the same, we're all out of a job.

THE PRINCESS (*starting toward the door*): Come. That's the end, you know.

THE KNIGHT: Poor chap! Couldn't help wanting to be an author I suppose—

(They all go out but the Bishops. There is a great racket in the book in which the Author has been shut up. The two stand contemplating the book silently. The noise gradually dies down.)

SECOND BISHOP: Uncommonly dry book—

(The noise is renewed.)

FIRST BISHOP: He's peevish—

(It stops.)

SECOND BISHOP: If it hadn't been for the Adventuress I should have been bored to death.

FIRST BISHOP: "No one ever reads that book any more. Put them both back."

(A short but violent disturbance.)

SECOND BISHOP *(in a stage whisper)*: Checkmate!

(They laugh silently and depart together. There is a last feeble spasm in the book and all is still.)

Curtain.

C. A. Posey.

CAPRICE.

Untroubled as the lashes motionless
That fringe the drowsy Aphrodite's eyes,
The reeds slept in the water's chill caress.
Serene and deep the pool lay like the skies,
Its green enriched with mellow depths of shade
From old, decaying leaves drowned long ago.
Slim trees athwart the sun flung shadow sprays,
Who laughing threaded their dark mesh, and lo!
Dappled with light the mosses of the glade
And kindled in the pool a golden blaze.

Narcissus, flushed and weary from the chase,
Slipped quickly through the gentle-breathing trees,
Poised, sleekly gleaming in his vibrant grace,
Then swift dived with a sea-gull's flashing ease—
Dripping and quivering on the vivid ground
He lay at rest and exquisitely sighed,
While into silence trembled all the reeds,
And from the pool the shivering ripples died
Leaving a wondrous mirror where were drowned
The wisps of cloud aroam in Heaven's meads.

Athirst he languorously stooped to drink,
Half-kneeling, with his slender arms held taut
To bear the body's weight upon the brink—
Touched with his lips the water beauty-fraught
With his own glorious image, when his eyes
Chanced suddenly upon the fair white form
Yearning beneath the surface to his kiss.
He trembled like a willow in a storm,
And whispering, "Wonder of the World! Thou prize
Divine!" flung out his arms and laughed in bliss.

The image spread its arms and stilly smiled.
Made bold by this appeal, Narcissus' lips
Pressed on the pleading mouth their kisses wild;
But as a lick of moon-flame from us slips
And dies when, flitting careless on the waves,
It feels the shadow of a clumsy hand,
So wavered the reflection of the youth,
So died from view. He sank upon the strand
Weeping, while night shadows from the caves
Of darkness wandered into mortals' land.

Bridge-like o'er the water sprawled a tree—
When night was come the love-lorn Clytie stole
Into its gnarled arms and sighed a plea
For pity to Apollo from her soul.
Before her eyes sun chariots flamed and glared;
Her body quivered on its bed of pain:
But sleep she thrust away, in fear her dreams
Would shadowy be, without the glorious strain
Of sun-gold. All the night she lay and stared
Until the dawning's earliest trembling gleams.

When day beamed golden in the dew-pearl's heart
Narcissus left his weeping, lithely crept
Over the grass and with a stealthy art
Peered in the tranquil water. Lo! There slept
The lovely Clytie's image. "Thou most fair!
Thou wonder of the Skies! How wan and pale
Looks now that other shape, my love but late,"
He murmured. Hearing, Clytie through her veil
Of sorrow glanced upon his yellow hair,
His slender limbs. Then to his arms she leapt,
Laughing, "I care not for Apollo's hate."

Richmond Barrett.

DREAMS AND DOGMA.

SOME day we may recall a time when the spell of heroes, and knights, and dragons, and fairies held us contented by the hour. There was freshness, an untiring wonder running unbound through the meadows of enchantment. But to-day it is the great discussions of theology and science that rise before us, mainly of doubt. We must meet the miracles of new learning without a quiver, without emotion. There has arisen such a cosmos of duties about us, that the day flies, and becomes dim, and grey, and the mind is wearied with frowning cares. Half wondering, we realize that there is something missing within us. For we are not satisfied with the sunset, and dawns have no longer color. Familiarity has bred a dim sort of contempt. And knowledge brings with it a careless intrepidity. We know why, and therefore have no wants, until—until some day we look upon a flower, and, against our will, we ask wherefore and whence is such a bit of beauty. Where was it, in the remote vistas, we first learned of God? Or was it something else? But no more—that was long ago. Now our heroines and heroes of worship have become eugenic couples. And to-day we know our idols mud.

To be sure, we know the mountains as wrinkles on the earth, filled with ore, stratified, bearing the trees from which the great Sunday editions are made. The hills will form watersheds. Against them the clouds will break to bring rain. And the winds are held back, or led into other paths. All this is known, the rhyme and reason of it all. But, what of that? Now and again, the casual remarker will halt to wonder at the sentient beauty of the Green Mountains. He may not be worried that the grand Catskills are glacial formations, but may casually say, "How lovely!" because it was said long æons before, and ever since, and his heart still holds the embers of the great peoples who knelt before the druids, or worshipped the dryads.

Do you remember the days of dreams, not so very long ago, as history is, when dreams were true? We were satisfied in the land of just pretend, unburdened with psychologic whys and wherefores, little caring for the dross of life. The hour of childhood told gloriously upon our vagrant minds! Every goblin in the room was ours, and there were indeed goblins. One wonderful day, upon which David really did gather his faith in the Moon-Angel, and walked upon the sea, we must have dreamed of long-forgotten byways, when the light was out, and we alone. How tensely we clung to the little chair, as Otto dangled against the glooming wall of the castle, and One-eyed Hans slowly descended the rope to where we knew the Baron of Drachenhause was waiting below. Aye, and a lump came in our throats when we learned that the lad had but one hand, because the other had been cut off in prison. Otto was all we had to be sorry for, and then the room was very still, and the mother's voice was become strangely rhythmic. Again, to the wild wood we went, where Little John fairly cudgelled Will Scarlet about the ears—yes—until even he cried for pardon. Oh, the glory of the outlaw, the greenwood, the merry men o' Lincoln. What did we know of law? Beyond law, we found the heart of Robin Hood quite true and good. We cared naught for the sheriff's men, and, indeed, why should we? Only to take a simple little tale, to build a great picture, to fill our wandering minds to bursting—that was enchantment.

Hark, was that the wind? Did the rain once beat upon a tin roof for you, to send a shiver up your back, a quite contented shiver, safe from the deluge? Once we were behind the North wind. Why? Because anybody who wished might get behind the North wind. We knew how, that is, when we had finished the story. Think of nestling in the streaming hair of the wind, quite warm, far above the world, and the song of a wonderful lady drifting back to you, as she flew on with you—a fascination too grand to speak of. Or do you remember the Piper that led the children from Hamelin? Did you care what the elders thought? Only the children loved him, because their hearts held music, as you and I hope ours do. And one lame lad was left behind, for whom we cried. You should have, if you didn't.

What are the steel-bound makings of man to this? The mature man must surely miss much of his world if he be not within the reach of such dreams as these. And the dreams were unharried by any consciousness of law. So little indeed, did we fancy the bitter actuality of what our parents taught, that the glory of the dear romances, of Arcady and Ind., was almost unsullied. How grand to hear the trysting horn of Robin Hood! What did we care if it were not true? To us, the great mountain had no economic or geographic value. It was only a looming mass of green, filled with funny creatures and bears. At night, they gave forebodings of wild doings. The goblins were at large, and the shadows held we knew not what. Wonderful it was to be half-scared, knowing that we were safe. We lived then in the great world, and still we knew the elves. The matters of our silly minds were not explained to spoil the beauty of it all. There we used to lie, as the wind rattled the shutters, whispering as it came. The rain stole softly upon us, from we knew not where, thank Heaven. Once the little girl went out to look for the North wind. And, as she stood upon the lawn in her night dress, the wind gathered her up to keep her warm. To-day, we must know that she could only have been mortal. Really, the wind would have chilled and killed her. She must have been mad. Yet, if we must think her mad, how commonplace does the way of men become to our hearts.

Is it not with grave concern that we leave the byways of imagination? It is surely pitiful that the trend of the day leads us from very important thoughts upon all that Peter Pan may have meant to us long ago. The vanguard of science carries wherewith to slake the thirst after knowledge, while the world moulds itself by rule and rote. The cry of education goes down to children who must learn to be practical before they have learned to dream. How fondly the parent exclaims, "Why, the dear thing doesn't know the least thing about what he should do!" and thus rushes off on the road to Montessori, dragging the "dear thing" behind her. And yet how great it would be to know Mother Goose as just the wonderfully alluring old lady we used to think her, rather than the puritanical soul who really wrote the book. Even to-day, we grown-ups know

John Bull as a rotund old gentleman who stands perilously close to the edge of England, waving a handkerchief at Uncle Sam. Is this not better than to see him as the really real John Bull who wrote "God Save the Queen"? This good spirit was gathered in youth, of wonderment and pleasure, when the winds blew out of fairyland, not to die with years, but to cling by us. Years after, when life is lined with grey, and bound by circumstance, we may overcome it all at times by wonderment. Things will change by wish. It is thus-wise that—

"Some minds transcend their wonted themes,
And into glory peep."

For imagination is the process by which we create a beauty beyond the reality of things about us. We have gathered the glory of dawn, that it may smoulder in after times. And what means this to religion? Why must it be? Why, because we must play with the inevitable throughout all years. The ways of life will not always keep the sun. Strange and burdening monotony will fall upon us. To stagnate is surely to die in this world, so far as we are still a bit of the world. And to die is so easy. To live to face our faith is hard. So, to be strong in it, we must build into wonder the works of daily acquaintance about us. Like those who know the way of fancy, we must "transcend our wonted themes." To do this means imagination, feeling, intensity. We must take fancy in its maturity, and make religion in ourselves.

Carlyle would say that religion is the personal equation as manifest in the individual. To what heights might not one's personality be raised by an appreciative power developed in imagination? It is the basic quality of a mind fit to develop the religion of personality, a quality eminently fine. Not alone that. There must be within us a belief that cannot be broken by the critical doctrines of the new century. We know of many creeds that are not adapted to our religion. And grave questions come before us to breed doubt among us. Whether the conceptions of men's minds be true or not, we can know that the laws of nations do not temper our conception of self. Religion stands, not because of creeds, but despite them. The Pantheist stands a fine example of one who creates being out

of matter. He sees beauty, because he desires so to do, the very existence of an outside power working within him. This is intensity of living. And, how long ago did we get it!

As religion remains the tie of people in a great, complex society, it was born long since in child-wonder. Ignorant of law and science, we once made grotesque idols of the stories told us. Where did our thoughts go then, when we had no reason to know of things—probably to a place beyond our real world. Our book-people were above all others to us. Any one of them would have received us unharmed in their world, we were sure. How strong a bond it made! What manner of transforming the mind to idealism. We gained the love of virtue then. Like the Pantheist, we did not know, and we glorified in wonderment. So, from those days, we keep the spirit to face the discussions of to-day with vital energy and faith. The theologians must walk warily when they would weld into iron creeds all that we dreamed freely in days before. We loved Robin Hood because he was fair. Long ago, we wept over tales, we loved, we despised, we sorrowed, all for wonderful reasons. Ah, did not the children of Hamelin rejoice to touch the long gown of the grave, tall figure? And it was all because they thought that he led them to—

"Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new."

So they went, singing, to a garden, they knew not where, but mayhap to Paradise.

Danford Barney, Jr.

A WOMAN'S WORD.

A woman's word, oh, lovely thing,
Like bird-song in the lanes of spring,
Like music far adown the vale
Across some April twilight pale
Or blended pasture-bells that ring.

But 'ware that lovely shimmering
No fairy-fire glimmering
Is more unsure, no reed more fail
Than woman's word.

I asked my lady by the spring.
"Ah, no," she answered, whispering,
And turned and went. I waited, pale—
And then—some gleam of white—her veil.
She smiled. What use of lingering
For woman's word?

Pierson Underwood.

PORTFOLIO.

NEW MOON.

Like a white petal is the young moon a-blowing
Cool among the windy clouds before the dusk of day.
Cool with dew and windy is the first young crocus.
Thou art fresh and cool as these and lovely as the May.

Thou and I a-walking sweet close beside the water
Thrill to one another as a dancer to the strings.
What has been on earth before to match thy April beauty?
Art thou not the loveliest of all the early springs?

Bird-song in the hedgerows murmurs low and lower.
Twilight deepens into dark, April into May.
Oh, that we might stay so, ever at the star-time
Promise of the April night beyond the falling day!

April-heart, April-heart, so lies love before us
Now, ere I have kissed thy lips, maiden-sweet and cold,
While the first pale crocuses shake across the meadows.
Now, ere the young moon deepens into gold.

Pierson Underwood.

—When I at length awoke from the deep sleep occasioned by my exhausting efforts in escaping from the wreck, I found myself in a pleasant though not very extensive country. It was green and rolling with here and there huge piles of stone huddled together in a quaint, misshapen fashion. The particular phenomenon, however, that caused me most astonishment was a great glass dome that stretched over the entire country, closing down upon it and shutting it completely off from the rest of the universe with only an occasional opening, such as the one through which I had entered. I was not long in pursuing my investigations of this strange country when I beheld coming toward me a very tall creature with a forbidding and stand-off expression, whose chief characteristic seemed to be the set determination of his jaw. This look I later learned was much affected as a means of social advancement.

**A RECENT VOY-
AGE OF THE RE-
NOWND CAPT-
AIN LEMUEL
GULLIVER**

At first I was afraid of this tall creature, but when I had gathered together sufficient courage to address him, I discovered he was really a very simple soul and, although he seemed to lack intelligence, yet was good-hearted withal. From him I learned that I was in the country of the Bygmehn and that the ugly piles of stone were their huts or dwelling places. He himself I afterwards discovered was one of the great men of this country, which, I must confess, surprised me not a little, as he seemed to have little except a determined cast of countenance which he had been at some pains to acquire. It seems they have no king nor acknowledged leader among them, but are guided by Bygmehn like my friend who gain their power by their size and manner of speaking.

However, he was very kind and called to his fellows to come out that they might see me. At first I was much frightened by the sound of his voice, for it reverberated loudly from the dome of the country, but I soon discovered that all sounds were intensified in this manner so that what in the world beyond would be but a trifling sound was here of much greater volume and made a prodigious noise. In fact, I was forced to wear little mats over my ears to prevent my being deafened, and as I am somewhat skillful with my fingers I fashioned them neatly out of a pocket handkerchief.

As I became accustomed to the place I found that each of the Bygmehn was surrounded and followed by several creatures with distorted figures and faces like frogs who fawned upon them and seemed very desirous of conciliating them. These I considered very loathsome creatures and asked my friend if he were not of my opinion, upon which he replied that he was, but that they could not get along without them, for unless they had them, there would be no means of telling which were the great Bygmehn and the leaders, for the greatness of the Bygmehn was estimated by the number of these creatures that he had around him. Then I understood why my friend seemed so worried if they did not hang upon him but seemed more attracted to other Bygmehn and fawned more upon them. Thus, you see, though loathed by everyone, they were a social barometer by which the greatness of the Bygmehn could be judged and as such they were allowed to live.

The chief industry of the country, my friend told me, was the gathering of grain, which grew in great abundance on the hillside, but this I observed was done in a very desultory manner by the Bygmehn and was left chiefly to a smaller race of people with odd, white faces and curved backs. These worked diligently gathering the grain, which they seemed to put to good use, yet I observed that they were held in great contempt by the Bygmehn, who were chiefly occupied in forming themselves in little herds or groups of which they were very jealous and guarded with a careful eye. Only the great Bygmehn would form in these groups and then they would contend vigorously with each other in various ways.

One sport they all indulged in with great energy was the collecting of little colored beads, which they hung around their necks. When one collected a great number of these beads he became a leader and had several of the froglike creatures as followers. Some who showed especial prowess in lifting stones were allowed to wear a little cabalistic sign branded upon their forehead and this was a much-coveted honor among them.

Thus I lived contentedly among these big and simple creatures with their empty heads for eight and forty months, at the end of which time I had become restless, and building myself a raft, set off from this country and was some days later so fortunate as to be picked up by a passing vessel. In this manner I returned to my own country, although I was somewhat loath to leave the country of the Bygmehn, for I had enjoyed myself among them and was even beginning to be fawned upon by one or two of the froglike creatures. This I say not boastingly, but as one relating truthfully the happenings that befell in a distant and unknown country.

Alexander Wiley.

COLD NIGHT.

I.

I watched you turn the light out. Where I stood
Beneath the bright stars pendant on the trees.
But ere it died, the last pale yellow glint
Kissed your raised hand. To-night will freeze
The latest marigold beneath the window ledge,
The hardest bronze privet of the hedge.

II.

How dark it seems when just one light is dead!
And still I stood and stared with burning eyes
To penetrate the blackness of the night,
To see you once again! To-night there dies
The latest marigold beneath the window ledge.
The hardest bronze privet of the hedge.

William Douglas.

TO PENELOPE, A-MAYING.

I know where the maidenhair
Waves its tresses in the air,
Where from her rich and leafy bed,
The Orchis lifts her gorgeous head,
And where the speckled adder's tongue
Glints spotted gold in Maytime sun;
I'll pluck them all for one so gay
To bring to her this blithesome day,
And then we will a-maying go
Where sunshine's warm and bluets blow.

William Douglas.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Baseball Scores.

Yale, 1; Holy Cross, 2.

Yale, 7; Cornell, 1.

Yale, 3; Williams, 5.

Yale, 5; Princeton, 3.

Yale, 4; Cornell, 2.

Yale, 0; Pennsylvania, 3.

The University Track Team

Defeated the Harvard Track Team, at Cambridge, May 13th, by the score of 63 1-3 to 40 2-3.

Cornell won the Intercollegiate Track and Field Meet, at Cambridge, May 27th, with a total of 45 points; Yale finished second with a total of 29 points; while the University of California and Leland Stanford tied for third with 22 points each.

John W. Overton, 1917, was elected Captain of the Track Team.

The University Crew

Was defeated by Cornell and Princeton in a two-mile triangular race on Lake Cayuga, May 27th. Cornell was the winner.

The Yale Daily News

Has organized its 1918 Editorial Board as follows: Chairman, Hamilton Hadley; Business Manager, William Abner Forbes, II.; Assignment Editor, John Eliot Wooley; Managing Editors, Edward Hardy Clark, Jr., William Bristol Dana; Editors, Philip Jerome Barry, Cassius Marcellus Clay, Jr., Walter Eames Donaldson, Thomas Nast Crawford, Edward Ansley Fellows, Sidney Alexander Mitchell.

Student Council Elections.

1917—P. S. Bush, O. B. Cunningham, R. Clapp, A. W. Olsen, S. Pumpelly, D. W. Richards, K. F. Simpson.

1918—A. W. Ames, H. M. Baldrige, R. B. Deans, N. Garfield, C. P. Taft, 2nd.

1919—G. G. Depew, E. McN. McKee, G. N. Walker.

The University Swimming Association

Announced the election of L. A. Ferguson, 1917 S., as Captain of the Swimming Team, and J. Galt, 1917, as Captain of the Water Polo Team for next year.

The Senior Societies

On Thursday, May 18th, gave the following elections to the Class of 1917:

Skull and Bones—Prescott Sheldon Bush, of Columbus, Ohio, given by Morris Hadley; John Williams Overton, of Nashville, Tenn., given by Charles Rumford Walker, Jr.; Henry Porter Isham, of Chicago, Ill., given by Kinley John Tener; Harry William LeGore, of LeGore, Md., given by Wesley Marion Oler, Jr.; Oliver Baty Cunningham, of Evanston, Ill., given by Hermann Valdemar von Holt; Knight Woolley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., given by Donald Carrington Shepard; Edward Roland Noel Harriman, of Arden, N. Y., given by Charles Holmes Roberts, Jr.; Samuel Sloan Duryee, of New York City, given by Samuel Gourdin Gaillard, Jr.; Alfred Raymond Bellinger, of Syracuse, N. Y., given by Donald Ogden Stewart; Henry Sage Fenimore Cooper, of Albany, N. Y., given by Farwell Knapp; Frank Parsons Shepard, Jr., of St. Paul, Minn., given by Howard Phelps Putnam; Henry Neil Mallon, of Cincinnati, Ohio, given by Henry Webb Johnstone; William Ellery Sedgwick James, of New York City, given by Arthur Burr Darling; Albert William Olsen, of Glenbrook, Conn., by Gilbert Edwin Porter, 3rd; Kenneth Farrand Simpson, of New York City, given by Laurence Gotzian Tighe.

Scroll and Key—Robert Paul Pflieger, of Ghent, Belgium, given by Otis Love Guernsey; Dudley Hershy Mudge, of St. Paul, Minn., given by Foster Martin Hampton; Lyttleton Bowen

Purnell Gould, of New York City, given by Nelson Marion Way; Melzar Merick Whittlesey, of Pittsfield, Mass., given by Dan Collier Elkin; Dickinson Woodruff Richards, Jr., of South Orange, N. J., given by John Henry Vincent; Stanley Williams Burke, of Plainfield, N. J., given by William Ross Proctor; Robert Goodwyn Rhett, Jr., of Charleston, S. C., given by Alexander Dickson Wilson; Henry Eugene Coe, Jr., of New York City, given by Charles Pratt; Samuel Williams Meek, Jr., of Richmond, Va., given by Henry Joseph Crocker, Jr.; Samuel Sloan Walker, of New York City, given by Charles Denston Dickey, Jr.; Francis Reynolds Blossom, of Chicago, Ill., given by Wayne Chatfield-Taylor; Lawrence Newbold Murray, of New York City, given by Frederick Vaughn Burgess; Kenneth O'Brien, of New York City, given by Curtis Burton Munson; Stuart Holmes Clement, of Buffalo, N. Y., given by David Osborne Hamilton; Richard Bentley, of Chicago, Ill., given by George Williams Carrington.

Wolf's Head—Oliver Burr Jennings, of New York City, given by Allan McLane, Jr.; Austin Dunham, of Hartford, Conn., given by Henry Hill Anderson; Heaton Ives Treadway, of Stockbridge, Mass., given by Thomas Emerson Hapgood; Henry Hutton Landon, Jr., of New York City, given by Alexander McKee Munson; John Rutledge Shepley, of St. Louis, Mo., given by Edward Waite Hubbard; Donald McKelvey Blodget, of Bridgeport, Conn., given by Archibald McMartin Richards; John McHenry, Jr., of Owing's Mills, Md., given by Louis Leonard Bredin; William Adams, Jr., of Lawrence, L. I., given by Alfred Hebard Chappell, Jr.; Franklyn Edward Waite, of Adams, N. Y., given by Daniel Brooks Grant; George Mosher Murray, of Plainfield, N. J., given by Bennett Sanderson; Dumaresq Spencer, of Highland Park, Ill., given by Huntington Lyman; Henry Carter, of Williamstown, Mass., given by Harold Hilgard Tittmann, Jr.; Henry Thomas Donahoe, of Seattle, Wash., given by Bennett Sanderson; Edgar Gibson Crossman, of Lisbon, N. H., given by Chard Powers Smith; Charles Morton Stewart, 3rd, of Eccleston, Md., given by Seth Low, 2nd.

George Mosher Murray, of Plainfield, N. J., refused an election to Skull and Bones, and Albert William Olsen, of Glenbrook, Conn., refused an election to Scroll and Key.

The Elihu Club

Announced the election of the following men from the Class of 1917: Dwight Ludden Armstrong, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; John Edward Bierwirth, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Francis Cullen Brophy, of Bisbee, Ariz.; Rufus Hodges Clapp, of St. Paul, Minn.; Thomas Hooker Cowles, of Chicago, Ill.; Edward Lawrence Davis, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Francis Schleiter Gaines, of Omaha, Nebr.; James Henry Heyl, Jr., of Columbus, Ohio; Henry Calhoun Taylor, of New York City; Edward Haynes Thurston, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Atwood Violet, of New York City; William Noble Wallace, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Lester Woodruff Ward, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

An election was refused by Spencer Armstrong Pumpelly, of Owego, N. Y.

Junior Fraternity Elections.

Psi Upsilon—Howard Burpee Breeding, 1917; John Shepard Stanton, Jr., 1917.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—Alexander McCook Craighead, Stoddard Pintard Johnston, Dryden Linsley Phelps, Lawrence Fowler Rossiter, Frederic Halsey Taylor, all of 1917.

The Cook Prize in Poetry

Has been awarded to John Chipman Farrar, 1918, for his poem entitled "Portraits."

The Academic Christian Association

Elected the following officers for 1916-17: President, L. P. B. Gould, 1917; Vice-President, H. N. Mallon, 1917; Secretary, S. H. Clement, 1917; Treasurer, S. G. Kelly, 1917.

The Yale Literary Magazine

Announced the election of John Lambert Van Pelt, 1918, to the 1918 business board.

EX-PRESIDENT TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1849.

Died May 26th.

The Metropolitan Opera Company

Produced "Die Walküre" in the Yale Bowl on the evening of June 6th, with the following cast: Brunhilde, Mme. Gadske; Sieglinde, Mme. Melanie Kurt; Fricka, Mme. Schumann-Heink; Siegmund, Johannes Sembach; Wotan, Clarence Whitehill; Hunding, Carl Braun.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Whirligig of Time. By W. W. Williams. (Stokes & Co., \$1.30.)

The *Whirligig of Time* has awakened no little interest in Yale circles, for it marks the literary début of a new Yalensian novelist and one who shows promise of doing work of lasting merit. This maiden effort is not a *Richard Feverel* either in conception or execution, but it is far superior to any of the current novels that have recently come to our notice. It is a book that starts with a smashing chapter on death and orphanage and ends with true love seen at sunset. The theme is not unusual. Mr. Williams' merit is in subtle touches of treatment rather than in broad plot-control.

Aunt Selina is intensely real, but her own story is much like Fielding's "Man of the Hill," unnecessarily theatrical and superfluous. Beatrice and James are both living beings, but it is hardly likely that they would have acted as they did in the tower. Harry is an attractive youth before he grows up, but his college career is a disappointment. Yet in spite of these defects, we read the book straight through as fast as the whirligig of time permitted. It has an indefinite amount of charm.

This book has been advertised as a college novel; it is rather a DeMorgan life novel with a few college chapters, as in the *Harbor*. A college novel demands an entirely different point of view than Mr. Williams here reveals. *Stover at Yale*, *The Ice Lens*, and the Andrews' tap day effusion all erred because of distorted vision. Mr. Williams falls into this trap. What happened to Harry could conceivably occur, but we who know Yale intimately feel that such pictures have a false perspective. The trouble with college novels is that they are always *media* for communicating the author's ideas of what college *ought* to be. We shall never have a novel of Yale that we can love until one is written by a man who knows us as we *are*, and is glad we are as we are.

That the *Whirligig of Time* is being well received we have heard from many different directions and peoples. It is, in fact, replete with interest and subtlety of touch, to say nothing of surprising control over big and difficult situations. We look forward to Mr. Williams' next book.

L.

What Jesus Christ Thought of Himself. By Anson Phelps Stokes. (Macmillan & Co.)

Secretary Stokes' book is a radical statement of modern ecclesiastical theory on the subject of the Christ. He holds a brief for the humanness of Jesus, the fact that He was a man with limitations. On the subject of divinity Mr. Stokes believes that Christ was divine because He was a perfect exemplar of God's spirit in full possession of a human being. The author is equally advanced on the subject of the virgin birth: he says that past history shows that people needed the miraculous and immaculate conception as an aid to faith, and he thinks it probable that the future will see the discarding of this hypothesis. In short, Mr. Stokes' views are pragmatic in tendency. While they would horrify the rigidly orthodox, to many of us they are an encouraging sign of progress.

L.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Elihu was looking very pensive and, when one of the heads bowed over the round table was raised and a voice exclaimed, "Made up, thank the Lord!" he did not smile nor appear to notice it. "What's the trouble, Elihu?" said they. "Don't you think it's a good LIT.?" "Oh, I suppose so," he said, indifferently. "good for these degenerate days! But the glory is departed. There are no contributors such as there once were. This younger generation—ah, me!" There was a moment's pause and then—"Do you men realize that Henry Beers is retiring? If you think the LIT. was dry and uninteresting, take out some of the old volumes and read his contributions over. I shall always remember him as one of the very best of my votaries. People outside may say their farewells to him in their various ways, but in this office I have a claim on him that will last much longer than any of you who hear me. In this office there shall be no farewell but his own. Listen—and be reverent, ye youths." Elihu slid back the door of the book-case, took out Volume XXXIV. and opened to the little poem, "Presentation: '68 and '69." The editors were very silent as he stood by the round table and read:

"Their songs are done, their forms are gone,
And Time for us hath turned the glass:
We heed not, as we take their seats,
How downward swift the red sands pass.

"We heed not how the cloud comes on
That shadows all the sunny land—
The day when heart from heart must part
And clinging hand unlink from hand.

"What shall that Dies Iræ give
 In place of that it takes away.
 How fill the time we have to live
 While youth treads downward to decay?"

"Good-bye, true friends; good-bye, old Yale;
 Good-bye, each dear, familiar spot;
 Good-bye, sweet season of our youth—
 "The golden, happy, unforget'."



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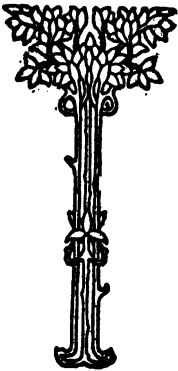
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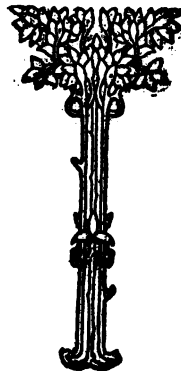


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